

# CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,"  
"CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

NUMBER 453.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1840.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

## THE FLITTING.

As Mrs Weston, accompanied by her waiting-maid, was travelling through a remote part of Ireland, her jaded horses, which, for the last four miles, had with difficulty been prevailed on to proceed, on coming to a hill high and steep enough to have alarmed more vigorous steeds, made a dead stop, and neither the blows nor vociferations of the driver could induce them to move a step farther. As this is an event neither rare nor unexpected in Ireland, the lady was but slightly discomposed by it. Having dispatched the driver to the next town to procure fresh horses, she quietly looked round for some house or cabin where she might remain till his return. Seeing a decent-looking cottage at a little distance from the road, she alighted, and, in the full assurance of meeting with hospitality, proceeded towards it; but her steps were arrested by the assaults of a host of cabin curs, that seemed to resent with peculiar asperity the unlooked-for intrusion of a well-dressed stranger. Their barking at length brought out the mistress of the house, who, to Mrs Weston's great surprise, proved to be an old acquaintance, for whom, since the lady's return from England, she had been eagerly inquiring, but of whose fate she had not hitherto been able to procure any certain tidings.

"Do I dream?" said she, "or is it possible that I see Nancy Gallagher settled down here amongst the wilds of Connaught?"

"Oh, dear ma'am, and is it you? The heavens be praised that I see one sight of you again," said Nancy, kissing the lady's hand, and then her cloak, in the ardour of her joy.

"Let me come in, dear Nancy, to this nice cottage, which I hope I am right in considering as yours?"

"Then it is mine, and I wish it were a castle for your sake. Come in, dear, and a thousand welcomes! Wasn't I beside myself to keep you here standing in the cold! but it's all the perfect joy. Come in, dear, and I'll bring in your things."

"No, no; let them remain in the chaise, my maid will take care of them," said the lady, seating herself on a low stool beside the fire. "And now, Nancy, sit down and tell me all, for I am dying with curiosity. What has brought about this wonderful change in your situation?"

"Sure you'll take a chair, ma'am."

"Let us have done with ceremony now, dear Nancy; we have no time to spare for it. There—that will do—the fire is very good. Begin and tell me out to the face, as you used to say, all your history, and how you happened to leave Rathkeel."

"Why, then, I will, ma'am," said Nancy, smiling through the tears which the mention of Rathkeel brought to her eyes.

"But first," said Mrs Weston, "tell me where Jenny is. I do not see Jenny. She is well, I hope?"

"She is well and happy, I thank you kindly, ma'am; but she is not with me at present, as you shall hear. It wasn't passing two months after you left us, ma'am, that all the leases in the whole town, I may say, fell in to my lord. Well, my husband, thinking, to be sure, it would be as in the old times, puts in a proposal for his own little concern; when lo and behold you, down comes the agent, and says he, 'You must out every one of you, for the lands are promised to a man of substance, that can show them justice, and will pay the rent duly.'

"That's hard upon me, please your honour," says my husband, 'after me and mine living on the land these hundred years and better, to be turned out at last.'

"Mere shame for you and yours," says the agent,

'not to have made a better hand of it. Sure your father held it for a song, I may say.'

'It's true for your honour,' says Christy; 'but then you know it was *ris* to fifty shillings when I got it.'

'And what are fifty shillings for such fine land? and why did not your father lay by a capital for you when he had it so cheap! Sure you know well you can't pay the arrear that's on it. Isn't my lord too good to forgive it you? and what a state the land is in—all racked and out of heart—not a fence that would keep in a beast. Why, it will take years to bring it into any condition again.'

"And was this the real state of the case?" said Mrs Weston.

"Where's the use of denying it, ma'am?" said Nancy. "It was out of heart sure enough, for, though we did well with the good prices during the war, the last bad years left us down in the world. So away he went, and left us with heavy hearts that night, as you may believe; but where was the use of complaining, especially as we saw our neighbours just as badly off as ourselves, for there were better than forty families put out that same time. My husband had a brother that kept mostly in Dublin, and he gave the greatest account at all of it. 'Don't you see,' he'd say, 'how comfortable I live, with good clothes on my back, and my fill to eat. Not all as one as you and your family, slaving yourselves late and early—scarce able to keep a rag to cover you, or a bit of bacon in the pot, on a Sunday even. I'll get you work,' says he, 'at the foundry where I stop myself; and you will do well, and the children will get a little smartness into them.'

Well, he said so much, sure, that my husband inclined more and more to his advice, especially as we couldn't get ever a cabin in the neighbourhood, except one that had neither window nor chimney, things we were always used to; and, besides, the rain came into it at all parts, and for that same we should pay forty shillings. As for myself, I'd prefer staying in my own country, though it was in a hut built in the back of a ditch; and Jenny wanted us to put all together, and go off to America, for the books she used to be reading gave great accounts of it, and how industrious striving people like us might get on there; but the world wouldn't get me to cross the sea, so it was settled to Dublin we were to go—and a sorrowful day it was when we came to leave our little place, where we had lived many a long year, happy enough (for all our brother Paddy could say), to go to a strange town, and take up new ways.

Our neighbour, Tom Connor, was very kind entirely, and lent us his horse and dray for the journey. We were three days about it, and wet and weary we were the evening we got into Dublin, for it rained desperately all that day; and then, my dear life, I thought we'd never make our way to the lodging that Paddy had taken for us. Such turnings and windings through streets and lanes; and the boy we had with us not used to driving in such throng places. It was well ever we came safe, and that the dray was not smashed to pieces. At last, when we did make it out, all the stairs we had to mount; it was, for all the world, like going up the tower in the old castle of Rathkeel. Jenny, who was always for making the best of things when there was no remedy, said it was all for the better—that we should have fine air up so high; but as for air, myself thought I never got my breath rightly, from the time I went in it till I left it again. We had but two rooms—one of them you could scarce turn in, it was so small; and yet we had six pounds to pay for the two. My husband didn't get into work so ready as we expected, but he did at last. As for me, when I had finished settling our little matters, I

felt as queer and lonesome as anything, for want of the cow, and the pig, and even the little chickens I used to be minding at home. Jenny put me up to go spin. There was no call that time for the kind I was used to.

So, 'Mother,' said she, 'why not try the tow for sacking. Suppose we make but twopence a-day, isn't better than nothing!—and it will serve to pass away the time.' Well, to it I went, though it came strange enough to me, that never was used to less than three hanks in my life before. We sent the children to school, to keep them out of mischief in the streets. My brother-in-law dined with us, and he liked to live high, so we often had meat and tea; yet, with all that, I missed the sup of milk, and thought the children throve better when they had the churn to run to.

Well, things passed on in this way for about a year, when home comes my husband one night, with the news that all was upside down at the foundry—ever so many men discharged, and himself and his brother amongst the rest. It was well they got their week's wages even, the money was so scarce there. His brother said they might pick up a pretty penny by doing odd jobs about town; but what was that to keep up a family, especially as Paddy wouldn't hear of our giving up the bit of meat, though Jenny pressed it greatly, for she was mighty considerate entirely, and had more thought about every thing than myself, God help me! though she was such a young slip. Another thing that vexed her greatly, was the noticing the smell of spirits now and again upon her father, especially since he fell out of regular work. Sometimes he'd be even stupid like when he'd come home. She went down on her two knees to him, to beg him to quit Dublin, and he didn't say much against it; but her uncle called her a saucy jade for advising her elders, and brought Christy round to the mind to stay where he was. Well, I did my best, sure, to be saving; but it wasn't as in the country, where we had the potato ridge at our back. Every thing was so dear, and I not used to Dublin ways. Our little stock that we brought with us was getting less and less, till at last it was all gone; and, what was worse, the men got the fashion of not bringing home their wages regular.

One day we were low enough, and had nothing but a few dry potatoes in the house, when in comes Jenny—

'Mother,' says she, 'I have good news for you this evening.'

'Ah, what is it then, Jenny?' says I, 'for I'm sure it's much wanting.'

'I can get work at Mr Glennan's cotton factory, a little way out of town,' says she, 'and the wages will be a great help to us.'

'No, Jenny,' says I, 'I can never give in to that; it's too dangerous for a girl like you to be going and coming late and early'—

'Mother,' said she, 'I don't find any thing happens to those that have a mind to take care of themselves; and, with the blessing of Heaven, I will never do any thing to disgrace my family—so we had best take the offer; if we don't, we may be sorry for it.'

Well, at last she prevailed, and engaged herself for the next week at eightpence a-day. I thought she'd soon tire of it; but late and early, in the heat of summer and depth of winter, there would she be as regular as the work-bell. I used to be afraid that the town sparks would be following her as she was coming home late in the evening.

"I don't wonder you were afraid," said Mrs Weston, "if she grew up as handsome as she promised."

"Ma'am, you wouldn't believe how she improved:

it isn't I that said it, but every one. She was as likely a girl as you'd see of a summer's day—tall, slender; her skin as white as an egg, with a fine blush in her cheeks, and her eyes shining like two diamonds; and then such a smile, such a sweet smile, that high and low were taken with it—and many's the bachelor she might have had at the factory, only she was so distant in herself—and for all she looked so mild, had a way with her that none dared take the least freedom with her. Another thing of Jenny was, that she always went mighty plain, and instead of buying fine gowns or shawls, like other girls, she'd bring her money duly of a Saturday night, and throw it into my lap, saying—'There, mother, there's for the house; and, indeed, we'd have been badly off but for it, for things were getting worse and worse with us; and we were forced to take the boys from school, which fretted Jenny greatly.'

'What can I do,' says I, 'when I can't pay for them?' 'Can't you send them to the free school?' says she. 'Is it to a charity school?' says I—'that's where none of their family went yet; and I won't be the first to have my children taxed with it.' 'Wouldn't it be better, mother,' said she, 'than to have them taxed with being thieves and liars, as they surely will, if they keep company with the little vagabonds in the streets?' Then she began to tell me of ever so many people that got their education in such places, and came to riches and grandeur by means of their learning. 'And do you think, mother,' said she, 'they would have thanked their parents if they had kept them back from honour and advancement, out of false pride?' Well, she said so much, sure, that in the end she brought me over to her notion, and the boys were sent to the free school.

The winter was now coming on, and that was always the hardest time with us, on account of being obliged to keep up the spark of fire constant, and the coals so dear, and I not used to manage them—when one evening, as Jenny was coming home from the factory, she noticed a young man tracking her on purpose, as it were; so thinking to give him the slip, she turned into the house of an acquaintance in Thomas Street, and stayed there a few minutes, thinking, to be sure, the boy would be gone; but when she came out again, who should be lurking about the door but the very man? So, thinking it useless to wait longer, home she comes—he following every foot of the way, till she rapped at the door. Then he stopped, and told the girl who opened it that he had business with the mistress. Jenny came up, and was just after telling me about the man, and how he startled her, when who should appear at our door but himself, and the landlady with him?

'Here is a young man,' said she, 'that is in search of a lodging. I haven't a hole fit to put a Christian in, but I think you could spare that little room there, for all the tea you make of it, and that will help to pay the rent that you're always murmuring about.'

Jenny gave me a look, as if she suspected something, and I the same to her; so, as civil as I could, I gave him a denial. 'But,' says he, 'I see where your objection lies, madam; you are cautious about admitting a stranger; but if I bring a note from your priest, Father Ryan, recommending me as a sober, orderly person, perhaps you may change your mind; so I'll call again when Mr Gallagher is at home, and then we can talk further on the subject.' With that he made a bow as respectful as if we were two ladies, and departed. Well, in about an hour, back again he comes with the priest's note, recommending Mr Blake (that was his name) as a sober, industrious man, likely to prove a good tenant. My husband and Paddy, who were within, were proud to get one to take some of the heavy rent off us; so, the next morning, home comes Blake with his little furniture, a bed, a table, crockery ware, and the like, and, sitting down, he tells us how it came into his head to fix himself with us. He said he was lodging for a while near the factory, and used to see Jenny as she'd be coming and going; and noticing what a discreet look she had, he asked the overseer about her, who gave her the best of characters for being sedate and industrious, and said he was sure she came of a decent stock, and had got a good education, for her manners and behaviour showed it. So, when Mr Blake found the lodging he was in getting too dear for him, he considered he might get a cheaper one with her people, and, consulting with the priest, who, it seems, was an acquaintance of his, his reverence said sure that we were poor honest simple country folk, and that he'd be safe in dealing with us. From this time he wasn't easy till it was settled. Mr Blake mentioned that he was in good work at the factory, but never let fall a word as to what side he came from, and we noticed that his speech wasn't just like our own, but a little queer and foreign like. However, he was very kind and cordial, and would come in and sit with us of an evening when my poor husband and Paddy would be out, as they often were latterly. Well, it chanced one evening as we were sitting this way, in comes Paddy a little hearty or so, and, says he, in a joking way, as he used when he was in good humour, 'Jenny, girl, you mustn't be always moping this way; you must take a little diversion like another. Sure, you never so much as take a walk into the country, you that used to be so fond of it.'

'True for you,' said I; 'I'm always at her to take a walk instead of poring over those books.'

'Oh, it's a better thing than a walk I propose for her now,' said Paddy; 'what would you think of a nice dance, Jenny; you that used to be so fond of it in the country? There's Mrs Strypes, the milliner, that you saw here the other day, going to give a genteel party, and she has been so civil as to invite you.' 'I am sure I am obliged to her, and to you too,' said Jenny, 'but you don't consider that I've no clothes fit to appear in at such a place.' 'Wouldn't the pink cotton do,' said I. 'Oh, mother dear,' said she, 'you have no notion how they

dress here—as fine as ladies.' 'Well,' said Paddy, 'I was thinking you might make that objection, so see what I've provided, that you might have nothing to say against doing as I'd have you.' With that he pulls a bundle from under his coat, and opens it, and there, my dear life, was the making of a beautiful white muslin frock, and a pair of white stockings, half of them silk, no less, I assure you. 'Well, what makes you look so wonderful, both of you?' said he; 'Mrs Strypes has promised to cut out the frock for you, Jenny, according to the tip-top fashion, and you are a good hand to make it for yourself.' 'It's joking you must be, dear uncle,' said Jenny; 'you did not really buy these things for me?' 'Joking,' said he, 'why would I be joking? Why wouldn't I make you a present when I'm able? Sure it's the first time.'

Well, Jenny and I looked at one another, and couldn't understand it at all, for it was true for him, it was the first time; he had never so much as proffered her a ribbon before. 'That was a good thought, wasn't it?' said he at last, finding we did not answer. Then says Jenny, 'I ought to be greatly obliged to you, and so I am; but I can't but think, dear uncle, when you laid out your money on such finery for me, that you forgot how low we are in the world, and how many things we are in want of at this present, and shall be in want of before the winter be over.' Paddy had little heed of what poor Jenny said; and, to cut a long story short, he got her to promise to dress herself for the party, and to the party she went. She didn't come home till very late, and a great account she gave of how fine every one was. Herself was the plainest amongst them; but by what Mrs Strypes told us afterwards, none became their dress like her. There were ever so many bachelors, clerks, and 'prentices, mostly all as smart as could be. You'd take them for gentlemen, Jenny said, only for the voice and speech.

The next morning, as I was getting the breakfast, who should come in but our poor lodger, with his arm all fractured: it was only the small bone of it, however, as the surgeon said. So, after it was set, he could go about with it in a sling, but not a hand's turn could he do at the factory for the present; so he kept in his own little room with his books and his papers. One evening he called me in, and, says he,

'I am out of work now, as you see, and no man can foresee what may happen to him; so here is the rent for the quarter; it is better for you to have it secure.'

'Sure, it's time enough to pay it when it comes due,' said I; 'maybe you might have occasion for the money, now you are disabled.'

'Never mind that,' said he; 'I know how to want as well as any body.'

And, indeed, from that time we noticed that it's little victuals he used, barring the bit of bread and the cup of coffee. He'd never willingly be without the coffee.

The next Saturday, just when Jenny had returned from the factory, in comes a messenger from Mrs Strypes, wanting her over in all haste. Well, she went, sure; and in about half an hour back she comes, quite red and scared like.

'Mother,' said she, 'I don't know what to make of Mrs Strypes. Would you believe it? there she had a beautiful new bonnet, trimmed and all, and a shawl worth a guinea, at the very least, ready for me to wear to-morrow going to chapel. It was all I could do to get away without her forcing them on me; and who do you think paid for them?—why, that very gentleman who danced with me the other night.' 'And why would he be buying such things for you?' said I, all amazed. 'Indeed, mother,' said she, 'that is more than I can tell; Mrs Strypes says it was only out of civility and good nature, and that he often does such things when he hears of a well-behaved industrious poor girl. But for all that, I don't like it, and on no account would I accept of a thing when I was not sure of the intention it was offered with.'

'You are quite right there, Jenny,' says I; 'better go in rags all the days of your life, than have it in people's power to tax you with taking presents from gentlemen; but if he be a gentleman, what business had he there, dancing with the like of you?' Mrs Strypes says gentlemen often do such things for diversion,' said Jenny. 'Any way it's queer, isn't it?' said I, turning to Mr Blake, who was sitting by the fire. 'Not so very queer neither, Mrs Gallagher,' says he, smiling; 'you would not find many young gentlemen, I fancy, who would object to dance with the like of her. I should say more on this subject, only that I see your daughter is so well guarded by prudence and modesty, that all warnings are needless.'

All this while we were getting lower and lower in the world, and it was my wonder that Paddy, who was so ready with his money when no one was asking for it, should never offer us a penny now in our distress, and the rent coming upon us along with every thing else. I believe I mentioned that our lodger had paid the quarter before it came due; so, as Jenny was always at me to be saving, I gave her the note to keep; but when our landlady came haggard at us about the rent, I said, 'Hand over that pound, Jenny, it will help to keep her quiet for a while.' With that she fetches it out, and gives it to her father. 'Never mind going down with it now,' says Paddy, 'keep it till to-morrow, and I will make it thirty shillings.' You may be sure we weren't sorry to hear that; so Christy put the note in his pocket for the night. I called to them as they were going out in the morning not to forget the rent. 'Never fear,' said Paddy, 'we'll settle it.'

Well, it might be about five in the evening, and Jenny not yet come back from the factory, when in comes Paddy, out of breath, and looking quite wild like. 'Where's Jenny?' says he; 'here's fine work, and if she can't explain it, we are all ruined.' 'For the love of mercy,' says I, 'what is the matter at all, or what do you mean?' 'Matter enough,' says he; 'there's Christy going to be taken up for passing a forged note.' With that I gave a great screech, and it was well but I fell out of my standing. 'Ay, indeed,' said Paddy; 'and it was from Jenny he got that same note, and that's the reason I want to see her.' Just as he spoke, there comes a tap at the

door, and in walks Mrs Strypes. 'Here's the lady,' says Paddy, 'to whom Christy gave the note, along with my ten shillings, in exchange for a thirty-shilling Bank of Ireland, because our landlady is scrupulous of taking any other these times.' 'Well,' said Mrs Strypes, speaking very easy like, 'what does Miss Jenny say to this business? She can explain it, I hope?' 'She's not come in as yet,' said Paddy; then turning to me—'Haden't you best step out, and see is there any sign of her.'

Well, out I goes as fast as my poor trembling feet could carry me, and before I had gone half-way down the street, I met Jenny. I stopped her, and told her all: she grew as pale as death, and—'Mother,' said she, 'sure it is not possible Mr Blake could play us such a trick.' Home she runs as for the bare life, and I as fast as I could after her. When I came in, Mrs Strypes was pulling the note out of her pocket to show it to Jenny. But the minute the girl cast her eyes on it—'This is not the note you got from my father,' said she. 'Indeed but it is, miss,' said the woman; 'I have witnesses who were present when he gave it, who can prove it; and besides, I made him put his mark upon it, for it seems he can't write.' 'Oh, then, this is not the note I gave him,' said Jenny. 'I could swear to that for I put my own private mark upon it. Oh, what shall I do? What can I do?' 'I'll tell you what, Miss Jenny,' says Mrs Strypes, 'I don't know how it is between you and your father, but I'd be sorry to hurt either of you, for I have a great regard for you, though you didn't seem to take my kindness in good part. But as to this affair, I'm willing to let the matter drop, upon condition that you make me a reasonable compliment in return.' 'And what compliment can I make you, ma'am?' says Jenny. 'Four or five pounds will do,' says she. 'Four or five pounds, Mrs Strypes!' says Jenny. 'Why, ma'am, you must be laughing at me. You know, as well as I do, that you might as well ask me for five hundred.' 'Not if you will be guided by me, miss,' says she. 'There is a check for twenty pounds drawn in your favour, now lying in my house, and you can have the money to-morrow, if you choose to present it.' 'In my favour, Mrs Strypes!' said Jenny; 'what can you mean?' 'Why, I mean that the gentleman you treated so unbecomingly, in return for his kindness, understanding you were in distress, left it for your benefit, and that of your family.' 'And how am I to repay him? By selling myself?' 'Oh, I see it all now. But that I will never do—no, never.' 'Just as you like, miss,' said Mrs Strypes; but, in the mean time, your father must go to jail before night, unless you can clear him and acknowledge the note, and then it's you must be accountable.'

'Well,' said Jenny, 'I know what I'll do—I'll ask Mr Blake's advice.' So she goes and taps at Blake's door, when, to Paddy's surprise, it was opened, and Jenny begins to tell her story—'But,' says Blake, 'you needn't, Miss Jenny, for I know all about it, and more, perhaps, than you do yourself.'

Then in he comes, as proud and as stern as you please, and walks up to Mrs Strypes, and—'Madam,' says he, 'perhaps you are not aware that I heard every word of the conversation you held with that person there (pointing to Paddy) during Mrs Gallagher's absence, and am acquainted with your infamous plot to criminate an innocent man, and delude a virtuous girl; to all which I am ready to make oath in any court of justice. As to you, sir, you are, to the best of my belief, guilty of a felony; but, on account of your connexion with this family, I am unwilling to expose you, and I am satisfied to let the matter drop, provided your brother's innocence be distinctly acknowledged, and the good note returned.'

Well, you never in all your life saw two people look so confounded as Paddy and Mrs Strypes did at this speech: at last she plucked up courage, and said she, 'I'd be glad to know what business you have to meddle in this affair? or who would mind the word of a vagabond, come from the Lord knows where?' 'Madam,' says he, 'I am a foreigner, it is true, but I am known to people of respectability in town, and have a character that, I will venture to say, will bear the strictest investigation. You know best whether you can say the same for yourself. I am ready to go with you, and the poor man whom you have detained upon false pretences, before a magistrate this minute.' Upon this she quailed a little, and, says she, 'There must be some mistake in the business. That gentleman there (pointing to Paddy) must explain it. I am no ways accountable; but as I find Mr Gallagher is completely cleared, I'll go back and have him discharged immediately.' 'And I will take the liberty of accompanying you, to see it done,' says Blake.

So away they went, leaving myself and Jenny so amazed at what had passed, that we didn't know rightly whether we were dreaming or no. In about half an hour, back comes Mr Blake, bringing my poor husband along with him.

With the joy of getting him safe again, we couldn't keep from crying; and if we didn't bless and pray for our lodger, it's a wonder, though how he came to manage it so clever, and he a stranger, we couldn't make out. Then he informed us that, sitting quite quiet with his books and papers, he could not but hear what Paddy and Mrs Strypes said when I was out, they all the time supposing him not at home, because he had locked his door and taken the key out, that the children might not disturb him. He heard Mrs Strypes ask Paddy how he contrived to change the one note for the other, when Paddy told her he had watched till Christy was asleep, and then did it. 'It is clear he is a villain—begging your pardon for saying so of a relation,' says Blake; 'and I would recommend you never again to let him enter your door.' We were ready enough to agree to this; but he had done for my poor husband already. Christy took to his bed that night, saying that, what with the fright, and what with the ungrateful behaviour of his brother, his heart was quite broke.

Mr Blake saw he had taken the fever, and said we must have a doctor for him. 'But how do you think,' says I, 'that I can pay a doctor, when sorrow a pound I have but that's to go for the rent?' 'Don't distress yourself about that,' said he, opening his hand and showing



me a note in it; 'here is a ten-pound note I got from the owner of the factory for a little invention of mine—a new way of stamping linen. That's what I used to be poring over in my little room. This will pay for the doctor.' So he brought one to see my poor Christy; but it was all to no good, for he sank daily, and soon died, telling me with his last breath that God would yet raise up friends for me. And that was true of Blake, for he both paid the doctor and got poor Christy buried. I could not but wonder, sure, at his goodness, and he a stranger; but mistrusted in my own mind it was not all on my account.

The very day after her father was buried, Jenny said, 'Mother, I must not be indulging my grief; I must go back to my work, and strive to support the family, for now we have no other dependence.' And back she went, though she was so weak she could hardly crawl. I did my best with the spinning; and with the sale of some of our little furniture, we contrived to weather it out till spring.

In the mean time, however, Mr Sunkins, a young man at the factory, made an offer to marry Jenny, but this she would on no account hear of. 'Oh Jenny,' says I, 'what's this for?' Are you going to be a trouble to me now for the first time in your life? But I see how it is—you are hankering after them that's not able to maintain you.' 'Mother,' said she, 'I'll never deny it; Mr Blake has gained my good will, and I am sure he did enough to deserve it. In my mind, one who earns his bread by honest industry, and never spends his earnings in vice or folly; who, if any accident should reduce him to poverty, would rather live on bread and water than get into debt, and be the cause of loss to others; who, when fortune or his own ingenuity throws a little matter in his way, instead of spending it on his own pleasures, is ready to share it with his friends in their distress; and above all, one who attends strictly to his religious duties, and has the good word and regard of his clergy—this is what I call a person worth caring for, and is what our lodger has proved himself to be.'

'And what do you know against the other?' said I. 'Why, mother,' said she, 'it's but a bad return for the young man's partiality to me to seek out faults in him; but I must just remind you that though he does not get downright drunk, I believe he seldom goes to bed perfectly sober. If I married him for the sake of his salary, I might be in a bad way after all, for I am sure we have seen enough of the consequences of drinking.'

Well, this was always the way with Jenny and me; she had so much to say, and so sensible seemingly, that I did not know what to answer her; but, says I, at last, 'You don't consider, Jenny, that this Blake is a stranger. We neither know what he is nor where he came from. He might pass any thing upon us.'

'He couldn't pass himself for honest and sober if he were not so,' said she; 'we should have found him out before now. As to the rest, I will make him give an account of himself this very evening, if you will please to hear him.' And, indeed, just as we had finished our supper, he taps at the door. 'Mrs Gallagher,' says he, sitting down by the fire, 'I suppose Jenny has told you what my wishes are—may I hope for your approbation and consent? I am informed that your daughter has had more advantageous offers, but she has been kind enough to give me hopes that the strength and sincerity of my attachment may prevail. What I want in wealth I will strive to make up by industry; and until my powers of body and mind fail, she shall never know want.' 'I'm entirely obliged to you, Mr Blake,' says I; 'and I never can forget your goodness to us in our distress. But you are from foreign parts, sir, and how do I know where you would be taking my poor girl to?' 'Your doubts are very natural, madam,' said he, 'and I will satisfy you immediately by relating my history, of which I have no reason to be ashamed.'

Then he begins and tells a long story. Myself can't repeat the half of it; but this was the sense of it any rate:—

His father lived in Cork, where he used to be carrying on a little dealing. Then he took it in his head to go to a place they call Portugal, where he married a woman of the country that had some money, and was doing mighty well, still keeping business going; at last his wife died, leaving him with but one child, and that was our lodger. He never married again; but he and his son lived together quiet and easy, till a new king came in that country. Myself doesn't know what sort of a queer king he was at all, at all; he'd be putting the people in 'ail, not for any bad thing they would do, or robbing or murdering, or the like, but just because he'd dislike the colour of their clothes, and because one that had a spite against Mr Blake (that is the father of our lodger) went and reported that he saw him in a white hat, or coat; then was the poor fellow clapped up in prison before you could look about you; and along with that, they took his little property from him, making out he was plotting against the king.

When the father was taken up, he sent a message privately to the son, bidding him make off with all speed to England, to some friends he had there, to get them to speak for him to the king, or his people, to let him out; but the son wasn't passing a week in London, when news came that, what with the vexation and the bad usage he got, the poor father had died in the prison. The son was like one distracted when he heard it. He took sick with the grief; and the sickness, and the living in that dear place, wasted his little substance. Then he bethought him that there was a merchant living in Dublin that owed his father some money, and that if he could recover it, it would be a great thing. So over he comes; but, as ill luck would have it, the merchant was not at home; he had gone on a voyage some place, but was expected back soon; so the poor boy kept on from month to month, still on the look-out for him, till his money getting scarcer and scarcer, he was fain to take up his lodging in our poor place.

When he had finished his history, he said, 'I don't want you to take all this on my word: that would not

be reasonable; but Father Ryan will certify the truth of my story, and give you his opinion as to whether I am a fit person to be trusted with your daughter or not.'

Well, the next day, sure, I went to the priest and asked his advice in regard to Jenny.

'My advice to you, Mrs Gallagher,' said he, 'is; that you put no obstacle in the way of this marriage. The young people love one another; Blake is sober and honest. I will be responsible for the truth of his story; and it is my firm opinion that you will never have reason to repent of bestowing your daughter upon him.'

'I will never go past your reverence's word,' said I; 'I'll not be their hinderance.'

'From that time, our lodger gave us no peace till the day was fixed for the wedding. When Jenny was getting ready to go to the chapel, I got out the white frock for her, thinking she'd wear it.'

'Put it up, mother,' said she, 'for Antonio (that is Blake's name, and a queer name it is) can't abide the sight of it.'

So it was in the old cotton she was married. Well, I couldn't but fret, sure, in my own mind, to think of the poor place and poor entertainment I had for my son-in-law. It poured as if the skies would fall all that morning. So, when the priest had finished, I went to the chapel door to see was there any chance of the rain getting lighter, when Blake followed me.

'Mother,' said he, 'don't go yet, there is a coach coming to take us home.'

Well, I was delicate, sure, in saying any thing, but I couldn't but wonder in my own mind that he'd be spending his money on a coach, and we so poor, sure enough; however, up drives a hackney-coach, and in he makes us go, myself and Jenny, and our landlady's daughter, who was bridesmaid. Myself, not being used to the coach, didn't mind what way it was going, and Jenny was too confused to take notice; but, says the girl, popping her head out of the window, 'We are going wrong, Mr Blake.'

'Never mind,' says he, 'we shall come right at last.'

Well, what does the hackney man do at last, but draw up at the door of a respectable-looking house. Blake opens the coach door, and out he jumps, and makes us all alight, and go into a snug little parlour. Then he goes over to Jenny and kisses her, bidding her welcome to her new lodging, and the same to us all. Jenny and I looked at him, not knowing what to make of it, but thought, sure, it was some joke. 'I see you are all amazed,' said he, 'and think me half mad; but I hope to convince you that I am in my sober senses; that is,' said he, smiling, 'as far as a man can be, who is so much in love.'

'When I told you my history, I told you nothing but the truth, but I did not tell you the whole truth. That I reserved for the present moment. About a month ago, a letter arrived from Portugal, from a dear friend of my father's, who had been with him in the prison, and who was only just released. This gentleman informed me that my father called him to his bedside a little before he died, and told him, as a great secret, that the king had not got all his property, as was supposed, for that some months before he was taken up, suspecting how things might turn out, he had exchanged the half of his property for gold, and when the troubles came, he had buried it in a private place in his garden, keeping it a secret from me, because he knew, by the love I bore him, I would have given up every thing to procure his release. Then my father gave directions how to find the treasure; and the first thing the gentleman did when he got out, was to seek for it, and get it remitted to England, and not till it was safe did he tell me a word about it; and then, I must own, I was glad to keep the secret, that I might prove to my friends (for as to myself I had no doubts) that my Jenny preferred me for my own sake, and not for that of my wealth.'

Then Blake told us that the money amounted to seven thousand pounds—no less, I assure you. I could hardly believe my ears when I heard such a sum mentioned. As for Jenny, I really believe she thought more of the compliment he paid her in choosing her, than of the money itself. I asked him how he came to think of one so much beneath him.

'Except in regard to fortune, which is no great matter in my mind,' said he, 'Jenny is in no respect beneath me. Though my father got on so well in the world, he was nothing more than the son of a man who kept a little shop in a back lane in Cork. Jenny is descended from an honest and respectable farmer's family; and as to education, if I had not seen something in her superior to the generality of girls in her station, I should never have attached myself to her, notwithstanding her beauty, which was, I own, what first attracted me. I observed such sweetness and modesty in her look, and such remarkable propriety in her manner and behaviour, that I was led to observe her more closely. After I came to lodge with you, I saw her well tried, and had the best opportunities of judging of her sense, temper, and discretion; so I thought I should be happy if I could obtain such a girl for a wife. My father's opinion, too, had great weight with me, for he always said that no country could exceed Ireland for the correct behaviour of the women.'

Well, I couldn't sleep that night for the joy and wonder at all I heard. The next day, Antonio told me that his plan was to settle himself at Cork, where there was a friend of his father's in a very safe way of business, who would be glad to have him for a partner, on account that he had such insight into the ways of foreigners, for it was with that same Portugal the man would be dealing.

'As to yourself, mother,' said he, 'I'll tell you what Jenny and I have settled, if it be agreeable to you. I believe you will not be sorry to quit Dublin. Father Ryan, our priest, has some land in a quiet retired part of Connaught, and he has promised to let you have a few acres at a reasonable rent; there is a cottage and out-houses on the land; and as both your father and husband were farmers, I think you must have sufficient knowledge to manage a small concern, particularly as the priest's father, who lives in the neighbourhood, and who is a skillful farmer, will give you his advice, and will plough your ground for you for a reasonable allowance.'

'Sure it's the thing in the world would please me best,' said I; 'wouldn't I be happy to be out of this wicked town, that was the death of my husband! The only thing that cove me is the fear of a bad crop, and that I mightn't be able to pay the rent, now that I have no one to back me.'

'Don't let that give you any uneasiness,' said he, 'for I intend to take the rent upon myself for your life. Is it not the least that I can do for my mother? and when your son is old enough, he can take more land on his own account.'

Well, if you'll believe me, I couldn't say one word to thank him, my heart was so full; but he saw it all in my face, I believe.

He wouldn't let us sit till the month of May, and then he paid the expenses of our journey here. We found the house repaired, and a fine chimney and windows, and a brick floor, just as you see it, ma'am. But when I went out to the yard, there, my dear life, was a beautiful cow in the byre, a pig in the sty, and all as snug, or rather a great deal snugger, than ever our own place at Rathkeel was; for there, to be sure, the walls were only propped up, and the roof but middling. Then I had my four acres of land, fenced and ditched as nice as a gentleman's place, and part of it ready set with potatoes and oats.

Well, if I didn't bless and pray for my son-in-law that night, it's a wonder.

We hadn't been settled here passing three months, when there comes a letter from Jenny from Cork, pressing me to go and see her, and bidding me bring George (that's my second little boy) with me, as she was determined to keep him and send him to school, as he was always apt and inclined for his book; and she said, if he turned out well, her husband would be the making of him.

You may believe I was proud and happy to see my girl in her own house, sitting in her own parlour, and every thing clean and genteel about her, and yet not a bit set up, but as humble as ever; for her husband told me how she hindered him to get a jaunting car for her, though many had it that couldn't so well afford it, saying, it was wholesomer and better for her to walk as she had been used to do, and that it would be wise for them to lay up some of their income for fear of any trouble coming. It was she that was happy to have me in her own house, and to make much of me.

'Mother,' said she, 'how can I ever be thankful enough to Heaven for all the blessings I enjoy! The having you so comfortably settled is one of my greatest causes of happiness.'

Well, I stayed a fortnight with her, and then came back to my own place, where Tommy, and little Kitty, and myself, live as snug and cosy as you could wish to see.

'Indeed,' said Mrs Weston, when Nancy had finished her long story, 'I am heartily rejoiced at the happy termination of your troubles, which is more peculiarly gratifying to me, because I think it may be in a great measure ascribed to the good conduct of my favourite and pupil, Jenny. Virtue does not often meet with the reward of so much temporal prosperity; but the favour of Heaven, and that peace of mind which the world can neither give nor take away, it is ever sure of obtaining.'

## BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

### M. THIERS.

M. THIERS, the present Prime Minister of France, like many other great and estimable individuals, has the merit of having raised himself from an humble origin to the eminence which he now enjoys. On coming into the world, as has been observed by a French writer, M. Thiers was not cradled on the knees of a duchess. On the contrary, he was ushered into existence in the humble abode of a locksmith, who was his father, in the city of Marseilles, on the 16th of April 1797. His mother belonged to an old commercial family, which, in the vicissitudes of the time, had fallen into extreme poverty. The events of a career which could raise the young Louis-Adolphe, in his 39th year, to the highest station in his native country, might be expected to be remarkable, and yet, for the purposes of the biographer, they are sufficiently ordinary. The causes of so rapid an advancement lie more in those commanding and very rare qualities which fit a man for a great party leader, than in striking or even tangible facts. Still the circumstances enabling him to develop those qualities must, it may be supposed, have many instructive if not romantic features, and such as they are, we shall endeavour to describe them.

In early boyhood, the relatives of M. Thiers's mother procured him a bursary in the Imperial Lyceum of Marseilles, where he received all the early part of his education. He is reported to have achieved many victories over his young competitors before the year 1815, when he proceeded to Aix for the purpose of pursuing the study of the law. There he met another youth of such parentage as his own, who had recently emerged from the Lyceum of Avignon, with whom he formed an intimacy, which, being founded on those mental sympathies calculated for endurance, has, to the honour and advantage of both parties, continued unabated to the present time. We allude to M. Mignet, whose name is celebrated as a more concise historian of the same great event which has exercised M. Thiers's talents. It would appear that the two friends, giving themselves up with ardour to the study of literature, philosophy, and history, treasured up little more of the Digest and the Civil Code than enabled them to pass their examinations. But Thiers, already evincing an impetuous and aspiring spirit, was likewise the leader of a party amongst his fellow-students, and provoked the frowns of the professors by his tirades against the government of the Restoration.



tion. At this time an incident, sufficiently expressive of his position and capacity, occurred, which is worthy to be recorded.

A prize being announced for competition, M. Thiers resolved to enter the lists, and accordingly sent in his manuscript. The essay was found incomparably superior to any other, but unhappily the name of the author had transpired, or was suspected; and rather than adjudge the palm to the young Jacobin, as he was deemed, the learned heads of the institution abruptly postponed the competition till the following year. At the appointed period, the manuscript of M. Thiers again made its appearance; but in the interval a production of such surpassing merit had arrived from Paris, that the dilemma of the judges was obviated, and they eagerly crowned the metropolitan essay, awarding the second prize, however, to M. Thiers. Considerable was the horror felt by the *Senatus Academicus*, when, unsealing the packet wherein the name of the Parisian laureate was enveloped, it divulged none other than that of the hateful Thiers himself, who had adroitly contrived this deception on the solemn functionaries of his university.

Having taken his degree as advocate, M. Thiers entered upon the practice of his profession at Aix; but soon growing disgusted with so narrow a sphere, choked up, moreover, by high aristocratic prejudices, he set off one day, in company with his friend Mignet, to seek his fortune at Paris. The two wayfarers debouched on that immense metropolis buoyant with hopes and talents, but destitute alike of friends and money. The first months of their residence gave but little token of a brilliant future, if we may trust a writer\* who thus describes their modest domicile:—

"It is now several years ago since I climbed, for the first time, the innumerable steps of a gloomy building, situated at the bottom of the obscure and uncleanly alley de Montesquieu, in one of the most densely populated and deafening quarters of Paris. It was with a lively feeling of interest that I opened, on the fourth floor, the begrimed panels leading into a small chamber, which is worth the trouble of describing:—a low chest of drawers, a deal bed, curtains of white calico, two chairs, and a little black table, rickety on its legs, composed the entire furnishing."

The manner in which M. Thiers raised himself from this situation of obscurity and poverty, exhibits his energy and powers in a striking light. It was at the commencement of the year 1823, when the repressive administration of Villele was in full vigour. Manuel, the great orator, had just been violently expelled from the Chamber of Deputies, and he was, of course, the popular idol of the moment. M. Thiers saw that, to him, an ambitious plebeian, the event might prove auspicious. He went straightway to Manuel, himself a native of the south, and a man of frankness and feeling, who, appreciating the value of the talents offered him, forthwith presented Thiers to M. Lafitte, and obtained his admission amongst the contributors to the *Constitutionnel*, then the predominant engine of the press. This opening he lost no time in turning to account. Eminently endowed with a capacity for literary warfare, he soon became distinguished for the vigour and hardihood of his articles; and as in France the occupation of a journalist is regarded with an estimation proportioned to its influence over society, the young contributor speedily found himself the object of high consideration. He passed into the most brilliant circles of the opposition, into the crowded saloons of Lafitte, Casimir Perier, the Count de Flahault, the Baron Louis, the great financier of the era, and even of M. de Talleyrand, who, albeit fastidious in his company, is stated to have detected with his keen glance the capabilities of the briefless advocate.

This introduction to society availed M. Thiers in facilitating the great undertaking upon which his eminence principally rests. Combining with a singular facility of composition an astonishing memory, great fluency and tact in conversation, and an admirable rapidity of comprehension, he found time to supply the exigencies of the daily press, to frequent drawing-rooms, to talk much, to hear more, and afterwards, in meditation and study, to adapt the fruit of his intercourse with actors in the grand revolutionary drama—remnants of the Constituent and Legislative Assemblies, the Convention, the Council of Five Hundred, the Legislative Body, and the Tribunal, statesmen, generals, diplomatists, and financiers—to promote and embellish his History of the French Revolution, upon which he had been for some time engaged. At length that well-known and great work, "The History of the French Revolution," made its appearance, and at once placed its author in the highest ranks of literary celebrity.

This work has run through numerous editions, and attained a popularity far surpassing any other publication on the same subject. Its principal merits consist in the easy and flowing style of narration, the distinct and apposite portraits of men, the allocation of the most material and striking facts and incidents, the harmonious arrangement, and the profound appreciation of events. In a history necessarily containing so much of military detail, to those readers whose acquaintance with fire is confined to the domestic hearth, as a French wit expresses it, the succinct and lucid accounts of campaigns and battles

in M. Thiers are particularly grateful. Moreover, as no human monument is free from faults, it behoves us to state that many serious objections have been urged, and with some justice, against that peculiar point of view under which M. Thiers, like his friend Mignet, contemplates some of the appalling atrocities of the Jacobin faction when in the ascendant. That the dangers of France, from inner and outward foes, demanded an unexampled display of energy, none can doubt; but it is inconsistent with justice and reason to deem inevitable or legitimatised, so to speak, by irresistible fatality, those wholesale slaughters of innocent and unoffending persons, which, so far from preparing the nation for liberty, served only to demoralise it, and throw it all palpitating at the feet of a despot. At the same time, this charge has been too rancorously enforced against the work, especially by those who look with almost a kindly eye upon the remorseless vengeance of kings, when wreaked against prostrate subjects: the accusation has, as usual with party malignity, been pushed far beyond what the truth or a candid interpretation of the historian's deductions warrant. The reflections scattered through the work every reader will estimate according to their weight; but it is perhaps one of its chief recommendations that it contains but few to interrupt the full flow of narrative, or dull the sparkling mirror of incident.

The appearance of his historical compilation, its rapid progress in public esteem, and the fortunate gift of a share in the *Constitutionnel*, conferred upon him by an enthusiastic admirer, raised M. Thiers to comparative affluence. Leaving his garret in the alley of Montesquieu, he emerged at once as one of the most prominent men in France, in the two paramount fields of literature and politics. Growing discontented with the somewhat antiquated tone of the *Constitutionnel*, he established in 1828 a new paper, more democratic in its principles, called the *National*. In this journal an unrelenting war was waged against the Polignac administration, which, often suppressing particular numbers, and adopting other partial remedies against the galling stings of Thiers and his assistants—Armand Carrel, and some of the most talented men of the liberal party—finally took the desperate measure of the Ordinances of July. The revolution of 1830, the result thereof, is known to all.

That event materially conduced to M. Thiers's advancement. Under the new government he was named counsellor of state, and intrusted, without any title, with the functions of secretary-general to the ministry of finance under Baron Louis. The first ministry of 1830 was composed of heterogeneous materials, which were speedily decomposed. Under the Lafitte administration, formed in November 1830, Thiers received the official title of under-secretary of state in the department to which he was already attached. It may be mentioned that he had previously published a pamphlet on Law's system, which, developing sound and comprehensive views of finance, recommended him to that branch of the public service. At the same time he was elected deputy for the town of Aix, his *alma mater*, and made his first appearance in the Chamber, where he experienced an almost universally unfavourable reception.

In person, M. Thiers is almost diminutive, with an expression of countenance, though intellectual, reflective, and sarcastic, far from possessing the traits of beauty. Moreover, the face itself, small in form, as befits the body, is encumbered with a pair of spectacles so large, that, when peering over the marble edge of the long narrow pulpit, yeleft the tribune, whence all speakers address the chamber, it is described as appearing suspended to the two orbs of crystal. With such an exterior, presenting something of the ludicrous, so fatal to effect, especially in volatile France, M. Thiers, full of the impassioned eloquence of his favourite revolutionary orators, essayed to impart those thrilling emotions recorded of Mirabeau. The attempt provoked derision, but only for a moment. In his new sphere, as in the others he had passed through, he soon outshone competition. Substituting into the oratory natural to him, simple, vigorous, and rapid, he approved himself one of the most formidable of parliamentary champions. Defending the ministry of Casimir-Perier, which succeeded Lafitte's, he was held to have compromised the principles of his party, and an estrangement then occurred between him and the ultra-liberals which has not yet been wholly repaired. The accusation of political inconsistency is one to which every public man is liable, and principally the ablest, for, with more comprehensive views, and a better appreciation of signs and changes, he models his action according to the exigencies of circumstances, the truest wisdom, instead of stubbornly dogmatizing on theories obviously impracticable or unsuitable. At the same time, this reproach is certainly in no ordinary degree merited by the chief politicians in France at this period, as the reader will probably conclude if he should chance to consult an article entitled "Constitution of the Chamber of Deputies in France," which appeared in No. 393 of this Journal, wherein a more ample exposition of the parties dividing France is given than our present limits will permit.

Following M. Thiers in his high political career, we find it chequered by the usual absorbing alternations of office and opposition. From the 11th October 1832, when the first Soult cabinet was constructed, he continued a minister, with one short interval, until the

25th August 1836, in various capacities—as minister of the interior, minister of commerce and public works, and minister for foreign affairs, under various chiefs, Marshals Soult, Gérard, Mortier, and Broglie, and finally under himself, nominated President of the Council on the 22d February 1836. In August of that year, he passed into opposition, where he remained until again called by Louis Philippe, in the present year 1840, to the premiership, which, while we write, he still holds.

In speaking of M. Thiers's general attainments, we shall be brief. The mere fact of his position avouches his commanding eminence. In competition with all the talents of his age, he has outstripped them all. Not that he is the first of orators, for the legitimist Berryer bears the palm; not that he is the most profound thinker, for the doctrinaire Guizot is the more searching philosopher; not that he is the most unbending politician, for the ultra-liberal Odillon-Barrot is more stern and consistent. But Thiers comprehends his countrymen better; can adapt himself better to men and things; and though perhaps about the last man to lay down his life for a principle, his origin, his sympathies, his whole career, identify him with the great majority of the nation. Thus, with his undoubted abilities, he becomes an influential deputy and a popular minister. The very fickleness where-with his enemies upbraid him, proves him more incontestably a genuine son of the Gallic soil.

And now, at the summit of the social ladder, wielding the power of France, exercising a weighty influence upon the destinies of his age and country, enjoying affluence, and blessed with an accomplished wife endowed with an ample dowry, the son of the artisan of Marseilles ought, in worldly estimation, to be happy, which we devoutly hope he is.

#### THE WEST INDIES SINCE THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

JAMAICA—THE EMANCIPATION.

LITTLE, we believe, is accurately known respecting the condition and habits of the negro population of our West India possessions, since the period of their final emancipation from slavery two years ago; and as we think that correct information should be disseminated on the subject, we beg to offer the following to our readers. What we state may be depended on, as far as any human testimony is worthy of credit, for we draw it from official papers lately laid before the House of Commons, and now issued in a large volume, which has been printed by authority. The topic being deeply interesting, may with advantage occupy more than a single article. We shall at present confine ourselves to Jamaica, and take up the first head, which refers to the emancipation on the 1st of August 1838, and its immediate consequences.

In the year 1835, the governor of Jamaica was Sir Lionel Smith, who, to judge from his dispatches, is a person of amiable disposition, and who zealously entered into the cause of emancipation. In the month of July, he travelled through a considerable part of the island, explaining to the negroes the nature of the change which was soon to take place in their condition, and recommending them to labour for reasonable wages to the employers under whom they happened to live. The scope of these admonitions will be best understood by the following proclamation, addressed to the prædial apprentices by the governor:—

"In a few days more you will all become free labourers, the legislature of the island having relinquished the remaining two years of your apprenticeship."

The 1st of August next is the happy day when you will become free, under the same laws as other freemen, whether white, black, or coloured.

I, your governor, give you joy of this great blessing.

Remember that in freedom you will have to depend on your own exertions for your livelihood, and to maintain and bring up your families. You will work for such wages as you can agree upon with your employers.

It is their interest to treat you fairly.

It is your interest to be civil, respectful, and industrious.

Where you can agree and continue happy with your old masters, I strongly recommend you to remain on those properties on which you have been born, and where your parents are buried.

But you must not mistake, in supposing that your present houses, gardens, or provision grounds, are your own property.

They belong to the proprietors of the estates, and you will have to pay rent for them in money or labour, according as you and your employers may agree together.

Idle people, who will not take employment, but go wandering about the country, will be taken up as vagrants, and punished in the same manner as they are in England.

The ministers of religion have been kind friends to you; listen to them, they will keep you out of troubles and difficulties.

Recollect what is expected of you by the people of England, who have paid such a large price for your liberty.

They not only expect that you will behave yourselves as the queen's good subjects, by obeying the laws as I am happy to say you always have done as appren-

\* M. Lobre-Vermer: "Statesmen of France and England."



ties, but that the prosperity of the island will be increased by your willing labour greatly beyond what it ever was in slavery. Be honest towards all men; be kind to your wives and children; spare your wives from heavy field-work as much as you can; make them attend to their duties at home, in bringing up your children, and in taking care of your stock; above all, make your children attend divine service and school.

If you follow this advice, you will, under God's blessing, be happy and prosperous."

The happy day of freedom from slavery at length arrived, and was observed, by proclamation, as one of thanksgiving and prayer. Good order, decorum, and gratitude, were manifested by the whole of the labouring population. Sir L. Smith, in a dispatch to Lord Glenelg, dated August 13, writes as follows:—

"Not even the irregularity of a drunken individual occurred. Though joy beamed on every countenance, it was throughout the island tempered with solemn thankfulness to God; and the churches and chapels were every where filled with these happy people, in humble offerings of praise for the great blessing he has conferred upon them.

The island has continued perfectly tranquil. The labourers have not generally returned yet to plantation work; managers are endeavouring to give as low wages as they can, and the labourers hold out for better terms. This struggle was to be expected, and will, no doubt, settle down.

At Falmouth, in Trelawney, where there has always been a hostile spirit among the planters against the missionaries, some foolish persons proposed or threatened to hang the Rev. Mr. Knibb in effigy. It got abroad, and magnified into a real intention of hanging that gentleman: his congregation assembled in great numbers, armed with cutlasses and sticks, determined to defend their favourite pastor. Nothing dangerous occurred, and the people gradually dispersed.

I have carefully abstained from interfering on the question of wages. In St. Dorothy's, which I visited last week, they were much disappointed that I would not determine what they ought to receive. At Bushy Park, an estate of 700 negroes, they finally agreed to take 1s. 8d. currency, or 1s. sterling a-day; and they have, I believe, all returned to work. I am under no uneasiness whatever for the future tranquillity of the island."

The Bishop of Jamaica concurs in "bearing testimony to the peaceable and orderly behaviour of all classes, and particularly of the negroes, on this auspicious occasion."

There was thus every reason to expect that the negro population would have settled down quietly as free labourers, on payment of a fair rate of wages by their old employers; but a most distressing cause of discontent seems to have irritated them from the moment of emancipation, and produced serious consequences both to themselves and the planters. This was an almost universal dispute respecting the right of the negroes to remain in the houses and grounds which they had previously enjoyed while slaves. The third clause of the apprenticeship abolition law gave the free labourers the use of their houses and grounds for three months; that is, they could only be ejected after a three months' notice to quit, prescribed by the act. The planters, with few exceptions, seized on this as a means of obliging the labourers to work at low wages. Instead of endeavouring to conciliate the affection of these friendless beings, by allowing them to remain in their houses at a moderate rent, they immediately issued notices to quit, or demanded rents of so exorbitant an amount, that they often exceeded the entire wages which the negroes were offered for their labour. In many cases "rent for house and grounds was charged for every individual in a family." In other cases, labour was agreed to be taken in commutation of rent; but this led to endless quarrels, for managers did not scruple to turn a family of labourers adrift in order to get rid of demands for wages incurred; and when the negroes complained, they were told to seek redress where they pleased. Stipendiary magistrate O'Reilly, in the Vere district, reports the following disgraceful conduct of the planters:—"Another mode of recovering rent was attempted, but put a stop to by our first decisions and remarks thereon. A charge of L.4 or L.5 for rent was made against a labourer, but he was only sued before the justices for 40s., or generally something under, to make it appear as if that were the entire amount; get a decision for that and costs, and next week bring up the unfortunate being, and sue him for the balance, thus saddling the defendant with two sets of costs, and obviating the necessity of taking the case before the Court of Common Pleas; and I much fear that, before we were aware of the iniquity of the proceeding, some of these unjust verdicts were given, especially as they generally brought one of the most ignorant forward, who, not understanding his own rights, thought all was just, and the rest of the people, knowing the decision, and being threatened with a similar proceeding, have paid these demands."

Take another case, reported by magistrate Walsh:—"In the leeward of St. Mary's, the employers will neither rent the cottages nor grounds; and if the wife of a hard-working man should prove heavy in pregnancy, they stop 10d. per day from the husband for every day that she is sick; and if the husband dare say a word, he is driven from the estate like a dog; this they do by ejectment before two county

magistrates. And the same way, if the people send their children to school, 10d. for each child is demanded from the labourer. This is taxing Christian knowledge and education. In other instances they root up and cut down provisions, or drive the stock into their gardens, and if they complain to a stipendiary magistrate, they are ejected and driven from the estates; and even for those that have complained, little or no redress can be obtained, from the obscurity of the law, and the determination of the employers to oppose by persecution anything like equal justice."

After this evidence, the following statement by magistrate Daughtry of St. Elizabeth's, will not excite surprise:—"Those masters who persisted in making exorbitant demands for rent, have lost, or are fast losing, their most efficient labourers. Others who require additional hands, and pay them fairly, are placing their pens in a better state than they were in during the apprenticeship. The system of a labourer, which was at first the favourite scheme of the masters, is yielding to the far better plan of a money payment, although I regret to say that too often the sum demanded is still greatly out of proportion to the actual cost of a negro-house, and of the land he has in cultivation. The consequence is, that the minds of the people are fixed upon the object of obtaining homes of their own, which considerable numbers have, indeed, already done; but in the exercise of a providence which is one of their conspicuous characteristics, they are keeping in connexion with present advantages, till their own little places are in order to receive them."

It appears from the documents before us, that notwithstanding a report industriously circulated to the contrary, the negroes never entertained the slightest idea that they were entitled to retain unqualified possession of their houses and grounds after the period of emancipation. This slander they publicly denied in meetings called for the purpose. The following resolutions were passed at a public meeting at Montego Bay, June 1839:—

"That so far from supposing that we had any lawful claim to the houses and grounds, we have been fully and painfully taught our dependence, by notices to quit; by enormous demands of rent from husband, wife, and every child, though residing in one house; from the anomalous and unjust demand to pay additional rent for every day we, or any portion of our family, may be absent from work, whether occasioned by sickness or any other cause; from the summary ejections which have been inflicted upon some of us; and from the demolition of houses, and utter destruction of provision-grounds, which others of us had to endure.

That in proof no such sentiment exists, or has existed, in our minds, we have paid, either by labour or in cash, exorbitant rents for our huts and grounds, having laboured at 1s. 8d. per diem, instead of 2s. 6d., the regular wages given to us during the apprenticeship, or from our masters from whom we were hired; and at which rate, upon the oaths of the overseers, our services have been valued as apprentices, and which we have had to pay for the purchase of our apprenticeship terms; thus allowing 10d. per diem for every able member in the family capable of hard work, and an equal proportion for every inferior member, as payment for the occupancy of the houses and grounds, although many of these houses were built by ourselves, and at our own expense, and others are of such a description as to be unfit for the residence of any human being.

That the parties who have made these representations at the Colonial Office must have been influenced by the most cruel feelings and ungenerous motives towards us, the peasantry of this colony."

Such were the declarations of the negroes, and their statements are borne out by every tittle of evidence before us. Mr. Abbott, a Baptist missionary, in a communication to the Marquis of Normanby, June 11, 1839, observes:—"Since the abolition of the apprenticeship system, I have visited various parts of the island, and have met not fewer than 10,000 of the apprentices, addressed them in relation to their rights, privileges, and duties as freemen, and heard the free expression of their sentiments; and I have no hesitation in saying that the charges preferred against them, as a body, have no foundation in truth.

I freely admit that the attachment of the labourers to the places of their birth, and to the burial-places of their ancestors or offspring, is so strong that they would rather make any sacrifice than leave them; and of this too many managers have taken a disreputable advantage. I admit, further, that I have met with some who have refused to pay the rent demanded of them, when that demand has been exorbitant, and who have refused to work on the terms proposed to them, when those terms have been deemed unfair, and even to work at all for those masters who, during slavery, were distinguished only for cruelty.

You, my lord, do not need to be told that similar feelings are manifested by freemen in other countries, and will be, I think, disinclined to blame the newly freed men of this for daring to maintain their rights. But while I make these admissions, I do most solemnly assure your lordship that I have not met with any who have been unwilling to pay a fair rent for their houses and grounds, or to work for those who will treat them as human beings, for equitable remuneration.

That there are amongst the recently emancipated many idle, dishonest, and unworthy members of society, I am not disposed to deny. That there is at least an equal proportion of this stamp in the other classes of the community, who have fewer excuses for their crimes, is painfully manifest; and your lordship is well aware that the same may be said not only of the peasantry and mechanics, but of the aristocracy of highly-favoured England.

With reference to the charges against the people, I have only to add, that I can confidently state, not only from personal observation, but from the testimony of humane and influential masters, that where they are treated well they behave well; and while they reasonably seek to be paid for what they do, they are willing to pay for what they get."

Notwithstanding these causes of irritation, there was no want of labour to forward the crops; and no estates suffered except "from injudicious management, or from the impatient temper of the managers, or from the want of money to pay the people." According to the reports of the stipendiary magistrates, "the conduct of the peasantry continued peaceable and orderly in the extreme." (Daily, April 22, 1839.) Stipendiary magistrate Fishbourne (Aug. 7, 1840) writes:—"The conduct of the people in the coffee-district during the last twelve months, has, in my opinion, fully evinced their fitness for freedom; and the daily increasing spirit of industry which more and more widely exhibits itself, and which appears firmly and enduringly rooted amongst the people, encourages me to look forward to the cheering prospect of augmented agricultural prosperity, with increased civilisation and general contentment. The anniversary of the commencement of freedom was distinguished by the assembling of immense numbers of the people in the various places of worship. A great improvement in their dress and general appearance was very visible. I have not heard of a single person being drunk or disorderly; and from what I have learned, I believe the day was celebrated by the emancipated population, throughout the whole parish, in a manner worthy of the great and memorable occasion. I regret to say, that at the parish church no white persons, except the Rev. W. Lindsay, who officiated, and myself, were present. Nor did any one of any colour, class, or sex attend, who was formerly the owner of slaves or apprentices."

The only deficiency of labour was on some of the sugar estates; but this, as far as we can gather from the evidence before us, was caused by the unreasonable and perverse conduct of the managers, who seem to have done all in their power to throw odium on the system of free labour, and to make the labourers unhappy. Still, in spite of every obstacle, the condition of the newly emancipated negroes continued, and is continuing, to improve, to a very remarkable degree. We shall, however, postpone any account of this gratifying state of affairs till next article.

#### MR FRASER'S TOUR IN THE EAST.

AN excellent book of travels was given to the public some weeks since, from the pen of Mr. J. Baillie Fraser, the author of various preceding works relative to eastern countries, and, among them, the peculiarly interesting romance of the "Kuzilbash." In the present instance, Mr. Fraser describes a journey (in 1834-35) through Mesopotamia, Koordistan, and other regions in Asiatic Turkey, some of them not before visited by Europeans.\* The previous experience of the traveller, and his intimacy with the languages and manners of the east, where he has filled important official situations, give this publication a degree of weight rarely attached to books respecting distant countries. The true character of a people, or of individuals, and the real meaning of national customs and peculiarities, cannot be picked up at a passing glance, or solely by the medium of guides and interpreters, of whose fidelity and capabilities it is impossible to be always assured. The advantages which Mr. Fraser possessed in these respects entitle his work to a high place among our authorities on oriental matters.

A journey from the city of Tabreez (or Tebriz), in the north of Persia, through Asia Minor to Bagdad, and again from Bagdad to Persia, with a concluding tour homewards, by way of Constantinople, constitutes the material of the volumes before us. Perhaps the account of Bagdad is the most interesting portion of the work; but we so lately compiled from Mr. Wellsted a description of that city and its peculiar situation at the very same period, that we shall at present limit our attention to the section of Mr. Fraser's work relating to Tabreez and Koordistan. Tabreez was, in 1834, the abode of Mohamed Meerza, heir-apparent of the throne of Persia, and now its sovereign. The city consists of mean, mud-built, crowded houses, but is comparatively rich and thriving, as well as populous, being, indeed, the greatest trading mart in Persia. It is the entrepôt where the stream of exports and imports of central Asia meets; the gate by which European goods enter, and Asiatic goods issue. The presence of the heir of the empire, as governor of the province of Azerbajan, of course, gave additional importance to the city, while Mr. Fraser was there. He describes the prince, who was a young man of twenty-eight years of age, as in per-

\* Travels in Koordistan, &c. 2 vols. R. Bentley: London.



son extremely corpulent, and a slave to huge feeding, one of the common characteristics of the great in Persia. The indolence of body and lethargy of mind caused by the habit in question, threw the whole power and authority in the rich and extensive province over which the prince had been placed, into the hands of a minister, called the *Kaymookam*, a most remarkable man in every respect. The following description of his appearance will perhaps bring the reader in mind of a certain absolute ruler or minister of Scotland in former days, the Duke of Lauderdale. "Conceive a man of somewhat more than middle size, exceedingly heavy and corpulent, with much rotundity of paunch, coarse features, small but very prominent eyes, so short-sighted as to suggest the idea of purlblindness, yet keen and bright withal; a great ugly mouth, garnished with long, irregular, prominent, yellow fangs, which an hideous, habitual, and stupid gape always exposes to view—conceive all these, and you will say that they do not compose a very promising exterior; and certainly the external attributes of the *Kaymookam* would be more suitable to a stupid village boor than to the first statesman of an empire." To complete the similarity alluded to, the *Kaymookam* was an enormous feeder. "His feats in devouring melons and cucumbers, as commonly related, seem next to incredible. I have heard of his gobbling up seven mauns, or fifty pounds, of melons at a sitting."

Yet this man was an able statesman, capable of transacting an extraordinary amount of business; and, in short, as regarded talents, not unfitted for the station to which he was raised, of prime minister and virtual ruler of Persia. In the diplomatic art of lying and deceit, he was a most consummate adept. His word was trusted by nobody, and he trusted nobody, transacting all affairs in person. Mr Fraser went one day to visit him by appointment, and the following scene took place:—"I sat down, and in about fifteen minutes the bustle of servants and shuffling of slippers announced the great man's approach. In the mean time, however, the court before the windows had become full of people, of all sorts and degrees, khans, begs, meollahs, meerras, merchants, soldiers, peasants, messengers going and messengers returning, &c., all of whom had some petition to present, or some request to prefer, and to all of whom, with exemplary patience, did his excellency address some compliment or word of salutation, while, with a patience no less praiseworthy, did I stand at the window watching the progress of this comet with the great tail. At length his eye fell on me, and incontinently did there issue from his mouth a whole volley of compliments and inquiries in the Persian fashion, with many assurances that 'my place had long been empty'; that 'I had brought light to his eyes'; and that 'he had a thousand things to say to me.' He then entered the room, scattering compliments like flowers on all sides, took a chair, ordering another to be placed near his own for me—made all the world sit down; turned to me, and, taking a roll of paper from a secretary, began instantly to write upon it fast, fast, leaving me with my mouth half agape to catch the expected communication, and prepare for my reply. This farce was continued for a considerable time, when up started a fellow at the bottom of the room, with a long story about some money he had been sent to collect, but which he swore a dozen men, and more along with him, would not be able to wrest from the people. His clamour or energy, to give it no stronger name, aroused the minister's attention; up went the eye from the paper, as if awakened from a dream, and began to blink at the man; but he instantly entered on the business, heard the statement, and directed what was to be done with infinite minuteness. The spell thus broken, papers and notes without number were thrust into the hands of two attendants, who passed them with ludicrous rapidity into the great man's hand. He took them mechanically, as it seemed, and began to read them. His manner of performing this operation is most curious. From extreme short-sightedness, he cannot distinguish a letter unless the writing be within an inch of his eye; so he draws the paper backwards and forwards, or up and down the range of that organ, touching his very nose; but as his sight, when the object is within proper range, is extremely quick, the course of a piece of writing is gathered with a celerity that seems like intuition; and the mechanical part of the business is performed so rapidly, that one would swear he was gravely rubbing his nose with a piece of paper, instead of reading a letter." This scene was carried on for a long time, partly through ostentation, and partly because the minister thought it more prudent individually to undertake such a multiplicity of affairs, than to allow any assistants to share his secrets or his power. While observing the shower of notes and petitions that fell on the minister, Mr Fraser was more amused than annoyed. He had to give, not to get, information; and, in fact, any one (he says) who might attempt to worm ought out of the *Kaymookam*, would certainly "come back shorn, while seeking wool—he would surely be well pumped himself."

The *Kaymookam* became prime minister of Persia when the Prince, Mahomed Meerza, ascended the throne in 1835. The affairs of the country fell into great confusion under him—an inevitable consequence of his jealous habit of concentrating all business in his own hands. At length, Mahomed Meerza found the domination of the minister insupportable, and

caused him to be privately strangled. The poor wretch had been so long accustomed "to bestride king, kingdom, and all, like a colossus, whom no man dare touch for fear of annihilation," that he could not believe in the reality of his sentence, and struggled violently, but in vain, against its execution.

The *Kaymookam*, take him all in all, is the most amusing person to whom our author introduces us in his Persian sketches. In his passage through Koordistan, he saw much of interest. The subjoined description will give an idea of the appearance of the wild mountaineers called Koords, who inhabit this country:—"On their head they wear a large shawl of striped silk, red, white, and blue, with fringed ends, which is wound in the most graceful manner round their red skull-cap. Its ample folds are confined with some sort of band, and the long fringes hang down with a rich fantastic wildness; their true Saracenic features, and bright black eyes, gleam with peculiar lustre from under this head-tire. Their body-garments consist of a sort of ample vest and gown, with magnificent wide Turkish sleeves, over which is worn a jacket, often richly embroidered and furled, according to the owner's rank. Their lower man is dressed in ample *shulwars*, not unlike those of the Mamluks, into which, in riding, they stuff the skirts of their more flowing garments. Around their waist, instead of a shawl, they wear a girdle fastened with monstrous silver clasps, which may be ornamented, according to the owner's taste, with jewels, and in which they stick, not only their Koordish dagger, but a pair of great brass or silver-knobbed pistols. From this, too, hang sundry powder-horns and shot-cases, cartridge-boxes, &c.; and over all they cast a sort of cloak, or *abba*, of camel's hair, white or black, or striped white, brown, and black, clasped on the breast, and floating picturesquely behind. When riding, they carry a small round shield, depending from the left shoulder, and grasp in their hand a long slender spear. If in war time, and they are going on an expedition, in addition to these arms they carry a gun, and occasionally three slender javelins in a case, which they can throw with great precision to the distance of thirty yards. Then they case themselves in armour, like knights of old, either in a shirt of linked mail, with helmet and armlets, or with a suit of plate armour, called *Char-Einck*, consisting of four plates of inlaid and Damasked steel, made to fit back, breast, and sides, and which are a defence against any thing but a ball striking them directly."

So accoutred, these Koords, who have finely made and active persons, spend their days in perpetual robbery. They are systematic plunderers, and, like the Thugs, imagine their way of life to be perfectly proper and acceptable to Heaven. Not a Koord "will mount his horse to go on a party of robbery and murder, without ejaculating *Bismillah irrahman irrahim*!"—"In the name of the most merciful and compassionate God!" Meeting an old Koord chief, in the centre of the province, Mr Fraser had a long conversation with him, in which the old robber, with the greatest pathos, lamented that the trade of his race had somewhat fallen into decay in his days. "He dwelt upon the many frays he had been in, and the plunder he had taken, with a zest and eagerness which showed how strong the devil was yet in him. He told me he had been wounded at least a dozen times, in spite of the best of armour. 'I have armour of every sort,' said he, 'and I used to wear it always; but I have learned to put very little trust in it—my trust is in Heaven!' said he, with as firm and satisfied a tone as if his cause was the most righteous upon earth. He joined with others in lamenting the evil days on which the present race of Koords had fallen. 'The golden times of Koordistan are gone,' he said; 'ride over the country, and what brilliancy, what spirit will you find! All the good horsemen and stout soldiers are dead, or have fled the land, or have taken to the plough per force, to make as much money as will pay the Pacha and feed their wives and children; and what is a soldier good for when once he has touched a plough?' We may deplore the ideas which these people have about heaven; but, in truth, in doing so, we should be merely returning the feelings with which they regard us. An Arab sheikh of Mesopotamia, who lived precisely in the Koord fashion, being greatly delighted one day with a shot fired by Mr Fraser exclaimed, 'Come, come, you're a good fellow; you had better become a Mussulman, and live with me.' 'How can that be, sheikh,' returned our author, 'when I have a wife and family at home?' 'Oh,' said the Arab, 'give these up; only turn Mussulman, and I will give you all those, and more, here.' On Mr Fraser again excusing himself, the worthy bandit of the desert turned round to his friends, and, pointing to the English traveller and his companions, said, with an air of profound compassion, 'What a pity, now, that these poor fellows must go to *jehannam*!' (a place not to be named.) He then continued, addressing Mr Fraser with a moving air of remonstrance, 'Oh, are you not afraid of your soul? Will you not think of saving it?'

These Arab tribes occupy a great part of Asia Minor, being roving plunderers like the Koords, but living in the desert plains, and not in the mountains. They are a more wretched people than the hill-robbers, in point of social comforts. Mr Fraser travelled among many tribes of them, and describes them interestingly. We have but room for one extract, however, illustrative of their character:—"It hap-

pened that an Englishman, travelling through Khuzistan, was received and entertained in the tent of the sheikh of an Arab tribe, his entertainer, the only member of the family at home being a daughter, who acted as hostess in her father's absence. At night, the inmates of the tent, including the stranger, retired to rest; but towards morning he was awakened by shrieks, and distinguished the voice of his young hostess exclaiming that she was murdered! All rushed to the spot, where they found the unfortunate girl in the agonies of death, her breast pierced with three deep stabs of a dagger. While gazing on the dying victim, and offering vain assistance, a voice was heard from a height close by, exclaiming: 'Yes, it is I! I have done it—praise be to God, I have murdered her!' All eyes were turned to the spot, where there was seen an old woman standing and gesticulating with vehemence. A rush was made towards her, and she either ran or was borne back to the brink of the river on which the tents were pitched, from the high bank of which she fell into the deep stream; and, whether she perished or escaped, was seen no more.

On inquiry, it appeared that this sheikh, who now had to mourn the loss of a daughter, had once had a son, who, in some former fray, had been put to death by a *polleraw* (or champion) of another tribe—an event which called forth all the virulence of the existing feud. Some short time afterwards, a stranger entered the camp, and was received with the customary cordiality of Arab hospitality. Unfortunately, he was recognised by some of the tribe as the very peshaw who had put to death the son of their sheikh. What was to be done? He was now their guest, and by the laws of hospitality, and by Arab customs, could not be touched. The sheikh himself was absent, and the arguments of good faith and mercy were preponderating, when the young woman now in question entered the assembly, and upbraided the men with cowardice and cold-heartedness towards their chief. 'What!' said she, 'shall the murderer of your sheikh's son be in your hands and yet escape? Never let this be said—put him instantly to death, or renounce the name of men!' Still, however, a reluctance to infringe on, in so direct a manner, the laws of host and guest, restrained the hands and weapons of the men, in spite of the wrath that was boiling in their breasts; and possibly the force of that consideration might have prevailed, when the young girl herself, maddened at the sight of her brother's murderer, and the idea of his escaping, seized a sword and smote him. The sight of blood was irresistible; in a moment every weapon was drawn, and sheathed in the body of their unfortunate guest—he was literally cut in pieces.

The sheikh returned, and, shocked at the atrocious violation of hospitality, was furious at the perpetrators; vain would he have recalled the act or repaired the injury, but that was impossible. Time passed on, and the murder, like others of the sort, was forgotten by the tribe; but not by the mother of the slain. Resolved upon revenge, she had followed the hostile camp for years, and patiently watched an opportunity, which she found not until the fatal night when the Englishman, who relates the story, was by chance a guest in the tent of the sheikh, and witness to the consummation of her savage vengeance."

#### INDIAN RUBBER.

THE substance called Caoutchouc, or Indian Rubber, has of late years assumed much mercantile importance, and a brief account of its history, natural and commercial, may have some general interest.

Caoutchouc was first seen in Europe about the middle of the eighteenth century. It was then brought from Cayenne (in Guiana) and other provinces on the eastern coast of South America, and, from its valuable power of cleaning paper, was called *Indian rubber*. Caoutchouc is a juice, derived from a tree or shrub called *hevea* by the South Americans, and recognised by Linnaeus to be a species of the *Fatoupha*. The striking elasticity and insolubility of caoutchouc, which we believe to be the aboriginal name for the juice, caused it speedily to become an object of attention to chemists and others, who imagined, not incorrectly, that the secret of dissolving it might be turned to some account. As the use of it increased in the civilised world, the substance became naturally an object of research to voyagers also, and varieties of it were found in many tropical climates, particularly in some parts of China, on the coast of Guinea, in Sumatra, and other East Indian isles and provinces. The latter regions have ever since yielded a large proportion of the caoutchouc in use. Travellers have called the shrub from which the East Indian caoutchouc is procured, a *vine*—the *elastic-gum vine*—from its origin and appearance, though the name of gum or resin, commonly applied to the juice, is altogether a mistake. The shrub is a rambling plant, which grows to an immense length and height, supporting itself upon stronger trees, and passing from one to another for a distance, occasionally, of many hundred yards. Dr Roxburgh, a distinguished naturalist, examined the plant as it is found in Sumatra, and gave it the botanical name of *Uncaria elastica*. The urceola bears fruit and flowers as well as foliage, but its most prominent quality, which it shares with other plants of the thirtieth natural order of Linnaeus, is that of yielding, on being cut, a milky juice, commonly of a poisonous nature.

Incisions are made in the bark of the urceola and hevea to let the juice exude, which it is found to do most abundantly in the time of rain. It is at first of the exact appearance and consistence of milk, and, like that substance, soon separates into a light serous fluid and a thick coagulum. The first seems rapidly to evaporate, leaving the thicker part to assume a brown or blackish colour, and to get tough, cohesive, and elastic. Some writers say that this hardening takes place from simple exposure to the sun, while others assert that the gatherers effect it by a secret process. However this may be, the induration is quickly accomplished, and then the substance is ready for the common uses to which it is put, namely, rubbing and cleaning paper, making elastic bottles, surgical instruments, &c. It is brought to the market in the shape, for the most part, of rolled-up balls or bags, formed on brittle moulds. It is then devoid of smell, of a brown hue when cut into, and so elastic, that, on being cast on the ground, it will rebound several times. A ball weighing seven ounces, if simply dropped on hard ground from a height of fifteen feet, will rebound ten or twelve times, and, on the first occasion, to a height of seven feet. Such was the result of a simple experiment upon the elasticity of caoutchouc made by Dr Roxburgh.

It was stated that the apparent insolubility of caoutchouc by water, spirits, and other common menstrua, soon led to the belief that the discovery of some solvent of it would be a most important affair, as regarded the manufacture of water-proof articles of dress, and similar useful objects. It was known that the natives of Guiana made boots and bottles from it in a rude way. This application of the substance, however, was effected, of course, not by means of a solution, but by employing the recent and liquid juice. So early as the year 1768, we find the French Academy of Sciences attempting, but in vain, to discover a proper solvent for the dry caoutchouc. It was left for Mr Howison, a gentleman resident in the East Indies at the end of the eighteenth century,\* to set an example to Europeans in this department of the useful arts, now become one of no slight consequence to the comforts of the civilised human being. Mr Howison contrived to make boots, gloves, and many of the like articles of dress, by first forming moulds of wax of the proper size and shape, and then coating them over with the liquid juice gathered for the purpose, and placed in air-tight bottles, in which it can be kept for a short time sufficiently soft. The experimenter found it necessary to apply repeated coatings, using his hand for spreading them, before the article could be brought to a sufficient thickness. In this way he made boots that were thoroughly water-proof, but he soon discovered that they lost shape, and, in short, that an article of elegant wear could never be thus made.

Mr Howison then thought of dipping in the juice an elastic cloth, in some degree corresponding with the elasticity of the caoutchouc, and into the textural interspaces of which that substance might be absorbed. He plunged Indian cotton stockings and gloves into the fluid, and hung them up to dry. The experiment was perfectly successful. The cloth quickly absorbed the juice, and when the article was dry, every fibre of the cotton had its coating, and the whole was completely waterproof, while scarcely less flexible than before. He dipped nankeens with the same result, and, in short, by giving the caoutchouc a basis of light cloth in place of using it alone, found that he could make a complete dress for himself—a dress which had the extraordinary properties of being impervious to rain, insoluble in fresh water or salt, unchangeable by the sun's rays, calculated to wear for an immense time, and not liable to be destroyed by any known insect.

Mr Howison's experiments attracted considerable attention, when communicated to the Asiatic Society, and through their publications to the world at large. Speculative minds devised a hundred important uses for the caoutchouc, besides the application of it to the waterproofing of common articles of dress. The manufacture of all the numerous instruments and articles requiring elasticity, the coating of canvases for tents and sails, the strengthening and preservation of ropes and fishing-nets, the perpetuation of paintings by means of varnishes and prepared cloth, were among the many purposes which it was proposed to accomplish by the aid of the caoutchouc, as we find from the remarks of an able writer of the year 1800, who drew up an account of Mr Howison's experiments. But the misfortune was, that neither the American nor the East Indian caoutchouc was soluble, at least in a sufficiently perfect degree, by any means known at the time; and the juice could not be conveyed to Europe in a fluid state. It dried so quickly in Mr Howison's hands, indeed, that if, in dipping his cloth, he allowed two layers to come in contact, they were thenceforth inseparable. On this account, the chemists of the day set to work most diligently, to discover a solvent for the dried caoutchouc. It was found that turpentine and cadeput oil were the two liquids that produced the principal effects as solvents; but there were important objections to their use, one being the great expense of the oil.

We mention these circumstances because this secret of the caoutchouc solvent was a very interesting one,

and long in being discovered. Many a thoughtful and talented lover of science did not disdain to spend days and months in the pursuit of this chemical will-o'-the-wisp. We are aware of one such youthful student, now a distinguished medical professor of the Edinburgh University, who hired an attic in a mean and retired part of the city, purposely to prosecute his inquiries into the solubility of caoutchouc. It must be remembered that the accomplishment of this end was an object of peculiar interest to medical men, many of whose most important instruments are now formed partly or entirely of caoutchouc. The cause which compelled the young student alluded to to betake himself to a lonely and mean apartment for the carrying on of his experiments, deserves notice. The liquid substance which he was attempting to use for the solution of the caoutchouc, was of so strong and unpleasant an odour in its pure state, that the more refined people amongst whom he usually dwelt would not tolerate his experimenting within their bounds. His labours in the lonely attic were not fruitless. He succeeded in his object, and the solvent which he employed is now the agent in use in the manufacture of all waterproof caoutchouc articles. This agent was *spirit of tar*, or a spirituous distillation from the pitchy substance so called. We understand that the gentleman here mentioned claims the credit of having been the first to manufacture caoutchouc articles by the medium of the spirit of tar, and that he can point to an article in a scientific journal (Nicholson's, we believe), in which an account of the discovery was given by him. We are not certain whether any fellow-labourer in science can justly dispute with him the merit of priority in this respect, but we have at least seen beautiful instruments made by him from dissolved caoutchouc, long before similar articles were procurable from the common manufacturers of the present day.

Caoutchouc articles made by the solvent power of the distillation from tar, are now, it is almost needless to say, in common use in Britain. Waterproof dresses have been for some years manufactured by, and named after, Mr Mackintosh, a gentleman who has taken out a patent for this branch of practical science. An immense quantity of these are now made, the caoutchouc being introduced into all varieties of attire, but chiefly into cloaks, wading trousers, and other upper or outer articles of dress. With respect to the use of Indian rubber cloth, except for loose coverings, we entertain very serious objections. The closeness of texture prevents the exhalation of the insensible perspiration, and thus is apt to do a very serious injury to health. We think it our duty, therefore, to recommend that no Indian rubber garment should be used which in any way closes upon the person. As perfectly loose mantles or capes, the caoutchouc articles are inimitable, but there the merit of the invention rests. For some other purposes caoutchouc is excellent. Bottles which fill themselves by suction are made of it, and are peculiarly useful to medical men. The stomach-pump was an article little fit for use previous to that discovery, and now it is efficiently employed almost every day by police surgeons in cases of poisoning. There is a bad odour about new caoutchouc articles, but this in a short time disappears.

#### SILVIO PELLICO'S RETURN HOME.

SILVIO PELLICO, an Italian gentleman, who, as most of our readers are aware, was inhumanly imprisoned for several years by the Austrian government on the charge of having committed a political offence, afterwards wrote an account of his sufferings, which has been widely circulated in most European languages.\* His narrative, however, terminates rather abruptly, and to compensate this defect, he has lately prepared additional memoirs of his unfortunate history. One of the French journals gives a few chapters from the yet unfinished work, and we translate a portion of these, not on account of any striking incidents contained in them, but because they seem to us to partake largely of that charm which the pure and amiable spirit of the writer throws around all the productions of his pen, and also because they depict minutely the feelings of the Italian scholar, on being restored to his family after *ten years'* imprisonment in a distant dungeon.

"My first night, after returning to my family, was spent in a state of feverish excitement, my mind being agitated by conflicting and tumultuous emotions, sometimes of a sad and sometimes of a joyful character. It was impossible for me to close my eyes. I wished to compose my thoughts, by turning them to God, and giving audible vent to words of gratitude and love; but, at every instant, the train of devotional feeling was interrupted by crowding recollections of the years of my captivity, of those who had been shut up before me, of the friends whom I had left yet in chains, of others who were absent or departed, of all my past illusions and the reflections which I had made in the hour of suffering, of the faith which divine grace had given me, and of my happiness in being released from prison, in revisiting my country, and finding my parents and my brothers once more. Each of these sources of distraction agitated me in a lively manner. To recover in part my tranquillity, I strove over to turn my thoughts

again to the Divine Being, whose sustaining hand I had felt in the most severe of my trials. But that multitude of remembrances did not cease to besiege me, and to transport my imagination more often into the midst of troubles than of consolations. In addition to this irresistible agitation of spirit, I began to experience a severe pain in the head, and such an oppression as almost prevented me from breathing. It seemed to me as if my enfeebled body could bear up no longer, and that this night was to be my last. I thanked God for having brought me alive into the house of my father, and permitting me to die there, if my hour was really come. Nevertheless, the thought of dying troubled me, and I could not suppress the wish that my days might be prolonged, to let me taste awhile the ineffable love of my family, and be a staff to my parents in their old age.

Towards morning, I breathed more easily, and enjoyed a light sleep; it was short, but did me much good. Awakening without headache, I arose quickly, though fatigued, feeling a joyful wish to assure myself that I did not dream, but was really in my paternal home. Clothing myself hastily, I passed into the next apartment, where I fell upon my knees, thinking that I could never be grateful enough for my chains being broken. The pleasing tears which fell from my eyes refreshed me greatly. I rose to my feet on hearing the steps of my mother, who came, in her solicitude, to see if I was awake, and to assure herself that I was not ill. I slept before her, my heart palpitating with filial love, and threw myself into her arms. To her anxious questions I gave encouraging answers, not distressing her by disclosing the way in which I had passed the night, but feigning, on the contrary, much more strength than I had.

The joys of that morning were not yet over. My beloved father and my good brothers entered; we again embraced one another, spoke words of hope and comfort, and talked of all that remained yet to be told between us. I felt revived and refreshed by the depth of their affection; but, after going out to hear service in the church of St Francis, my feebleness returned upon me, and I could with difficulty regain our home. My mother gave me some elixir drops, and I sat down to rest, and to talk, not only with her, but with my father and brothers, who came into the room every instant, as if to assure themselves anew of my presence. We could not satiate our eyes with the sight of one another, or forbear to ask and answer questions, in order that we might in some measure fill up the immense blank made by the ten years which I had passed far away from them. The day was thus occupied in recounting the details of my captivity to these sympathising friends, and in listening to their description of the anguish endured on my account by them. I went exhausted to bed, and again passed a night of sleepless suffering.

The same thing occurred again and again, until my mother beheld my rapidly decreasing strength, and laid upon me the injunction to preserve a rigorous silence. This was a wise step; but four months passed away ere I enjoyed nights untroubled by pain and sleeplessness. Even when I began to sleep better, one thing still harassed me. Every morning, just before dawn, the remembrance of my arrest, my trial, my condemnation to death, and the ten years of my captivity, came before me in the shape of a frightful dream, all the circumstances of which were vividly analogous to the real ones. But every day, also, I had the happy surprise of passing from the torments of a dungeon, or the terrors of death, to the joy of finding myself in the bosom of my family. While the body thus suffered, and slowly regained strength, the mind had also trials to undergo. How many beloved friends, alas! had I lost by death, in these ten years! how many others had fallen into severe distress! what errors, hates, and calumnies were abroad! The new revolutions of the day [1830] had much in them to alarm me for some young and generous spirits of Italy, who were emboldened by them to form schemes perilous to their welfare; and I felt, also, that the same circumstances would have deplorable consequences for those of my companions yet moaning in the cells of Spielberg. With the spirit of revolutionary ferment still abroad, small was their chance of liberty. One of them was a man bound to me by ties of brotherly love from the cradle. I speak of Pietro Borsieri, a person of lively and cultivated parts, belonging to a family in which I knew none but noble souls, and none but dear friends. I was bound by ties of friendship, not of so long standing, but close and enduring, to another captive, Frederico Confalonieri, a man for whom I could have died, so highly did I value his life, and with the best of reasons. I heard with pleasure of the release of Alexander Andryane, but that pleasure was mingled with sorrow, at the remembrance that Confalonieri had in him lost his dear friend, and was left in solitude within these horrible prison-walls."

[Pellico here defends himself from the charge of having ever desired revolutions at the cost of bloodshed, and proves that his opinions were moderate and mild. He then returns to the subject of his family, and the causes which led him originally to think of publishing his memoirs.]

"What comfort, meanwhile, I tasted in the bosom of my family! There my presence had given serenity to every countenance. I had been for so many years the sole object of their desires. Now these were satisfied, and they showed me that they were happy. In addition to theirs, I enjoyed the society of many dear friends, and, among others, of the Abbe Giordano, our parish pastor, a venerable man of eighty. To this

\* Now, Dr Howison of Crossburn House, Lanarkshire. An account of this gentleman's experiments was given in the Journal, No. 288.

\* Silvio Pellico's *Imprigionamento*, translated into English, have been published in the "People's Editions" of the Messrs Chambers.



good priest I recounted the history of my confinement. The result was, that he advised me to publish my prison experiences. The idea startled me at first. Political passions seemed to me yet too ardent in Italy and all over Europe, for such a publication. 'My intentions will be misinterpreted,' said I; 'enemies will deny my statements, though I speak the exact truth; and my repose will be destroyed.' 'There are two kinds of repose,' answered the good father; 'the repose of the brave man, and that of the pusillanimous. The last is unworthy of you.' In this book which I counsel you to write, you will exhibit the noble support derivable in adversity from a holy trust in God, a good conscience, and a right cause. Think of it well. If you have been permitted to earn a little reputation in literature, it is, doubtless, that you may be encouraged to compose a work which will benefit your fellow-men. Avoid the sloth of pusillanimity.' The good abbe's language made me reflect on the subject. I spoke of it to my mother, who was not learned, but of sound judgment. 'I see danger in it,' said she, 'and tremble. But pray, my son—pray that your mind may be directed into the right course.' Shortly afterwards, we spoke on the subject again. 'I believe that the work will have its utility, and that it should be written.' 'To the work, then, my son,' was the reply.

I wrote with a pleased activity the first chapters of my imprisonment, and took an opportunity, one day, of reading them to an old friend, on whose judgment I placed some value. He was alarmed for me, and counselled me to suppress the work for some ten or fifteen years, till all parties were in a state of quietude. So many friends were of the same opinion, that even when the manuscript was completed, I would probably have allowed it to lie by for some years, but for my mother. 'Obey your conscience, my son,' said she; 'act according to your sense of right, and fear nothing.'

The work was published, and, during the two following weeks, many regarded me as guilty of an act of crime, or of great folly. Some said that I had published a book disgraceful to our age of enlightenment, and that my reputation was gone; others wrote to me, to say, that every tragedy of mine, which might thenceforth be represented, would be unmercifully hissed by the partisans of philosophy. Many who knew me turned away their heads on meeting me, to avoid speaking. All this was on account of the homage rendered to religion in the work. These clamours, however, soon fell to the ground, and a great number of my adversaries, seeing my book generally well received, confined themselves to the task of warring on me in secret, and endeavouring to undermine me in the estimation of men who honoured me with their friendship. But the work was reprinted abroad. Men pardoned the extreme simplicity of the style, on account of the incontestable character of veracity stamped upon every page. I received many flattering letters on account of it from compatriots and strangers.

My good abbe rejoiced as much as I in the success of the work which he had suggested. 'You ought,' said he, 'moreover, to profit by the favour you have gained with the public, to give them a little treatise on morals. Write a discourse to youth. Animate them to noble sentiments; I promise you that it will be read.' Again I referred the suggestion to my mother, and saw that she approved of it. Her only caution was, 'This book should breathe nothing but benevolence; avoid the tone of satire which moralists are too apt to catch.' My 'Discourse upon the Duties of Man' originated in this manner, and had the same success with my narrative. Some journals abused it, but as usual, I kept a profound silence. Was this patience! No, I cannot say it was; but all explanation or remonstrance would have been fruitless with men determined to make me out a wicked man.

After having composed twelve tragedies, of which I have only published eight, I have ceased to write for the stage, not feeling myself possessed of a rich enough mental fund for the delineation of character. In my youth, I had fondly hoped to place my name beside that of Alfieri; but I have awakened from that illusion, in spite of the applause I have gained. I occupy myself still with writing verses, but chiefly odes or elegies, to express my devotional feelings. I have also laboured for some time upon two historical tales, but have, in both cases, felt my ardour cooled, on beholding the infinite distance at which I was left by pre-existing works of this nature.

In short, I write much, but it is more for my own satisfaction, than in the confidence of producing any thing of value. At last I take up my pen, and, not knowing what to do with it, begin to a History of my own Life."

#### MISCONCEPTION ON RAILWAYS.

It is a singular fact in the early history of locomotive carriages, that their projectors assumed the existence of a difficulty which is now known to be wholly imaginary; and resorted to sundry laborious contrivances for overcoming an obstacle that had no existence, and which Nature herself, had she been asked, would have accomplished for them. They assumed that the adhesion of the smooth wheels of the carriage upon the equally smooth iron rail must necessarily be so slight, that, if it should be attempted to drag any considerable weight, the wheels might indeed be driven round, but that the carriage would fail to advance because of the continued slipping of the wheels. The remedies devised for this fancied counteraction were various. One was

conceived so valuable, that a patent was taken out for it in 1811 by Mr. Blenkinsop. It consisted, as the writer well remembers, of a rack placed on the outer side of the rail, into which a toothed wheel worked, and thus secured the progressive motion of the carriage. It was, however, wholly useless—it was an impediment: the simple adhesion of the wheels with the surface of the rails upon which they are moved being by an immutable law amply sufficient to secure the advance, not only of a heavy carriage, but of an enormous load dragged after it.—*Wade's British History.*

#### THE BATTLE OF MORGARTEN.

"In the year 1315, a rural tribe, of certain valleys begirt with high mountains, called Schwitz, revolted from its allegiance, and withheld the tribute and service due to Duke Leopold of Austria, who, being much angered, collected an army of 20,000 men. \* \* \* And on the day of St Othmar, Duke Leopold, endeavouring to pass into their country, was much hindered by the height and steepness of the mountain. For the knights on horseback, bolting with desire of action, and crowding into the first ranks, entirely prevented the infantry from ascending. But the Schwitzers, perceiving how much their enemy would be hampered by the difficulty of the way, went down against them from their lurking places, and, attacking them like fish in a net, slew them without resistance."—*Flodurani Chronicle.*

#### THE EVENING BEFORE THE BATTLE.

Why are those watchfires gleaming bright,  
Morgarten, on thy beacon height?  
And why are lights 'mid the evening gloom,  
Flitting like spirits from tomb to tomb?  
Why through the calm of each Alpine dell  
Do the warlike notes of the trumpet swell?  
And why is the scared flock's mournful bleat  
Drown'd in the trample of hurrying feet?  
Why doth the war-whoop, wild and shrill,  
Re-echo from the snow-clad hill,  
And the sentry pace his lonely round,  
O'er thine ancient hallow'd battle-ground?  
The morn shall tell. That morning came,  
Usher'd by smoke-wreath and by flame!

#### THE BATTLE.

The dawning sunlight beams  
O'er Morgarten's hills of snow!  
'Tis reflected back by a thousand streams;  
But brighter yet in lurid gleams  
From the valley stretch'd below.

On the mountain's hoary brow,  
By the tombs of their fathers dead,  
Mow many a Switzer's holy vow  
Hath bound him to shed his blood now,  
Where his sainted sires have bled!

Fiercely the Austrian foe  
Rolls, like the coming tide—  
As deep, as surely, and as slow,  
His myriads o'er the plains below,  
And up the mountain side.

But mark, upon the steep  
Of Morgarten's loftiest height,  
A dusky spot is seen to sweep  
(Like darksome dreams o'er the soul of sleep)  
On its snowy breast of white.

It stays its mælor course  
O'er the Austrian tyrant's path;  
And a distant murmur, deep and hoarse,  
Tells to the foul invading force  
Helvetia's gathering wrath.

Deep in Morgarten's snow  
The heavy horsemen sank;  
And many a gallant steed lay low,  
And, struggling in his dying throes,  
Broke the disorder'd rank.

'Twas then that from the height  
That dark spot burst in flame—  
Like thunderbolt across the night,  
As swift, as deadly, and as bright,  
Morgarten's heroes came!

On through the van they dash—  
The pierced battalions reel!  
Then, rapid as a lightning flash,  
'Mid trumpet clang and weapon clash,  
Upon the flanks they wheel!

Vain though the battle-cry  
Rung high among the foe—  
Though many a steel was glancing high,  
And the flower of Switzer chivalry  
Lay stretch'd upon the snow!

For far upon the plain  
A dust-cloud marks the way  
Of the coward hearts, whose blood should stain  
The snow, where, trophies grim, remain  
Their dead lord and his warrior train  
Of that disastrous day.

Yet the shout of victory  
Rings feebly o'er the hill,  
For the patriot hearts which that morn beat high,  
For vengeance and for liberty,  
Chill'd in the strife of that dreadful day,  
Upon the heath lie still!

#### THE NIGHT AFTER THE BATTLE.

There is a mourning o'er Morgarten's waters,  
There is a wailing in her wilder'd dells;  
And many a maiden of Helvetia's daughters  
Her tale of anguish to the wild wind tells.

A stranger ear, amid those sounds of sadness  
Which came upon the night wind heavily,  
In vain had listen'd for the notes of gladness—  
The triumphing which tells of victory.

Nought is heard save the death-song, sad and replying  
To the wind's moaning o'er that midnight wild,  
Where many a maiden watch'd a loved one dying,  
Or mother sorrow'd o'er her bleeding child.

Oh, war! when holiest, oh, infernal still!  
Is this the ending of that death-won day,  
To give a freedom to the lonely hill,  
But snatch the souls which should be free away!

Too true, alas! Morgarten's wilds may tell  
How many a hero sleeps beneath her snows;  
For memory fails to mark the lonely dell  
Which gives the victors of that day repose.

#### ODDS AND ENDS.

COLLECTED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

#### CHANCE DEFINITIONS.

*Looks*—The first billet-doux of love. *Happiness*—A fugitive and chimerical being, which every body runs after, but no one catches. *Sensibility*—A gift of heaven, to multiply the pleasures and pains of life. *Wisdom*—A shield that preserves its possessor from the perils with which his desires surround him. *Society*—A state of constant slavery, in which no one lives for himself or to himself. *Absence*—The sister of death. *Love*—An egotism, divided by two. *Military Glory*—Smoke on ruins. *Indifference*—Absence of all sentiment, or the feeling of the worthless. *Music*—An universal language, which harmoniously relates the reminiscences of the heart. *Honour*—The soul's patrimony. *Beauty*—A flower without smell when no quality of the heart accompanies it.

#### HUMAN WEAKNESS.

All men fear, dislike, and grieve; all men desire, hope, and rejoice; though, of course, different men feel those passions unequally. All men, however, are not susceptible of love, of hatred, of envy, or of despair. The strongest men, too, have their various weaknesses. Johnson united moral credulity to mental vigour, and he dishonoured his strength by arguing for victory rather than for truth.

#### READING IN CHILDHOOD.

Reading without intelligence injures the brain and stomach mechanically; reading with intelligence injures both in the less direct manner of nervous excitement; but either way, much reading and robust health are incompatible. Only let a child eager for knowledge be read to instead of allowing him to read himself, and the whole of the mechanical mischief is avoided; and again, let him be freely conversed with in a desultory manner, in the midst of active engagements and out of doors; and then, while an equal amount of information is conveyed, and in a form more readily assimilated by the mind, nearly all the mischiefs of excitement, as springing from study, are also avoided. In a word, let books in the hands, except as playthings, be as much as possible held back during the early period of education.—*Home Education.*

#### PEACE.

Peace is the natural effect of trade. Two nations who traffic with each other become reciprocally dependent; for if one has an interest in buying, the other has an interest in selling; and thus their union is founded on their mutual necessities.—*Montesquieu.*

#### WILL YOU TAKE A PINCH?

"Will you take a pinch?" said an acquaintance, offering his snuff-box to a fishmonger. "No, I thank you," replied the latter, "I have just had one from a lobster."

#### BREVITY AND WIT.

It is said that short dumpy people are more humorous than long lank folks, on the ground that *brevity* is the soul of wit.

#### AN ILLUSTRATION BY WAY OF DEFINITION.

"Pray, what is nonsense?" asked a wight, who talked little else. "Nonsense?" replied his friend; "why, sir, it's nonsense to bolt a door with a boiled carrot!"

#### CLEVER SCHOLARS.

"The boy at the head of the class will state what were the dark ages of the world." Boy hesitates. "Next—Master Smith, can't you tell what the dark ages were?" "I guess they were the ages just before the invention of spectacles." "Go to your seats."

#### THE POOR MAN.

When a poor man attempts to rise—attempts to show that there is no monopoly of genius, and that God hath given as free and noble a soul to the lowly as to the great—he is not only opposed by the class above him, but envy and scorn are but too often his portion among his fellows. They do not like to see themselves outstripped by one whom they have reckoned no better than themselves, and instead of encouraging, they damp his ardour, and grieve his heart with sneers, and cold, because envious, counsel. The next class above him love not to see a man who has sought to boast of but a noble soul, no treasures save those of mind, presuming to take his place among them, and there is one universal shout of "keep him down!" This upward struggle which the poverty-stricken genius has to endure—the struggle against prejudice, and misrepresentation, and want, has daunted many a mind, and discouraged many a breast, and has kept many a man formed to be a light to the world in poverty and darkness to the end of his days. Because of this, many a noble spirit has concealed its own flame of brightness; many noble and free men, of whom the world was not worthy, have gone down into the grave, with all the wisdom of their souls untold—"have died, and made no sign."

LONDON: Published, with permission of the proprietors, by W. S. Orr, Paternoster Row; and sold by all booksellers and newsmen.—Printed by Bradbury and Evans, Whitefriars.

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